PICTURES AT THE PARIS SALON

NEARLY 2,000 CANVASES IN THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION.

The Principle of Truth in Art Applied Conservatively—Detaille's Battle Piece Most Talked About—Many Triptychs—American Painters Well Represented.

PARIS, May 14.—"*La vérité!*" cry the youngsters, both male and female, who infest the barracks of the Quartier Latin. "The truth!" echo their fellows on the heights of Montmartre. The truth at any price, even though it involve the sacrifice of beauty, is by common consent the artistic need of the hour.

In the heated controversies which resound in studio and café this principle is not attacked. The differences emanate only from the difficulty of reconciling opposing standards of truth.

The insurgents, who have plastered many walls of the Salon of the Independents with pictures which look to the uninitiated like the drawings of the prehistoric cave dwellers, are convinced that theirs is the only true art. Green noses and blue ears may be mocked at by the ignorant, but to these cognoscenti they reveal a verity which has been lacking in art since before the primitives. The followers of academic tradition shout quite as loudly and jeer at the radicals.

There is then no dissent as to the principle, only as to its application.

Nearly 2,000 paintings, not to mention drawings, etchings, engravings, lithographs, sculptures and architectural designs, have been exhibited at the Grand Palais in the Champs Elysées by the conservatives to give their version in opposition to that of the radicals, exposed to the public eye in almost as many forms for the same price of admission on the Cours la Reine for the last two months. The former have the better of it, undoubtedly, from the point of view of attendance and emoluments, for theirs is the distinguished honor of being in the Salon, the one controlled by the Société des Artistes Français and recognized by the world in general as the most important exposition of art of the whole year.

The amateurs of the world, and especially those from the land of gold, meaning of course America, will not hesitate to buy the picture or statue which passed the jury of the Salon, while they might look askance at the chef d'œuvre of the Independents. Nevertheless the rebels have some solace too. They may throw out their chests when they read the opinions of those critics who cry aloud against the conventions which the directors of the Salon have imposed upon those who would exhibit under their banners, and though they eat the bread of poverty they may find recompense in the sauce of independence.

Some thousands of critics, professional and amateur, have already visited the Salon and many more will have viewed its offerings before it closes. It is the 126th official exposition of the society, and it was opened with the usual social and official éclat. Much more than the Easter parade of New York this first day was a display of feminine fashion, and the artists received but little attention.

Recurring to the discussion of truth, it may be of interest to note the following incident of that day:

"Have you seen my photograph?" asked a striking looking blonde of a group of friends.

They followed her to a portrait hung in a prominent position in Room 40. The lady is somewhat more than 40 and time has not been overkind to features which were never meant for a beauty show. Yet she is a good subject for a skilful painter.

The contrast between her blond hair and rough, red complexion makes hers a striking face, one that is not easily forgotten. What her friends saw was a delicate pastel suggestive of the eighteenth century French portraitists representing a young woman with a slightly retroussé nose and a most delicate coloring.

In so far as professional opinion has received public expression, it appears to be unanimous in finding the average of the exhibits up to the standard of the last few years, but only a few command strong commendation. Some of the strongest critics blame the Société des Artistes Français for clinging too closely to tradition and conservatism.

One of these has issued a note of warning in which he predicts that French art will surely suffer if greater encouragement is not given to individuality. A similar protest is made against the trend toward mere virtuosity. This latter charge is lodged especially against the French exhibitors, while comparison is made to their disadvantage not only with the Dutch and the Belgians, but even more strongly with the Americans. The latter are well and largely represented, as will appear later.

The one cheering note comes from a discerning critic who rejoices over the emancipation from foreign influences. French artists, says he, have returned to their heritage. They express the feeling and thought of their own and owe nothing to any other people.

The pictures and sculptures at the Salon may not be the products of the highest genius, for genius is rare, but they are thoroughly French. The slavish attitude of the Renaissance and the classical period has been replaced by the freedom which was the glory of Gothic France.

The painting which has received the greatest amount of attention from critics and public alike is another battle piece by Edouard Detaille, "Le Chant du Départ." It is a representation of soldiers of the Revolution. It is in three parts, and in the foreground of each is a cannon with cannoneers. In the centre, rising from a mass of veterans, is a female figure on a spirited white horse, representing la Patrie. The whole is in subdued grays and blues, and if the soldiers are animated by the patriotic spirit, at least they are well disciplined.

Almost as popular is an allegorical painting of Beethoven and the Ninth Symphony, the composer seated aloft upon a monument, below him the performers, and rising from the foreground to the very sky different characters emblematic of his works. The painter is Jean Paul Laurens, and he has another striking work in the form of a child Emperor and Empress of Byzantium, clothed in full regalia and showing in their faces full appreciation of their importance. This is entitled "Les Tyrans."

A painting by Henri Martin showing Anatole France and his disciples in a grove of olive trees, the scene bathed in the strong and vibrant light of the Riviera, also has a place of honor. This is destined to decorate one of the walls of the Sorbonne.

Others of the more prominent canvases include "Au Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers," by the Dutch painter Martin Monnickendam, a study of the audience at a lecture in the conservatory; "Désarmement du Bateau," by Gaston Balande, showing a group of Dutch women and children drawing a heavy wagon at low tide from a ship whose prow only is visible; "L'Angelus," representing a woman looking out over a stormy sea to where some men in a fishing boat are battling for life, by R. Ravaut; "L'Œuvre de la Bouchée de Pain," a French bread line of the poor, by G. Pierre; "L'Atelier Humbert," in which a nude female model is posing before a class and the master is himself at work, by Mlle. Rondenay; "Après le Rhamadan," full of the richness of Oriental coloring and representing a scene in Tunis, where the painter, Leon Cauvy, has been at work; a portrait by Bonnat; "La Vague," a nude resting upon the crest of a green wave, her light hair spread out, a smile upon her coquettish face, by G. Seignac, and "Le Soir," a landscape by William Didier-Pouget.

A curious feature of this Salon is the number of triptychs, in which the artists seem to have been animated by the desire to tell a continued story. Some of these have met with favor and others have not repaid the trouble of the authors. Detaille's battle piece is in this form.

Among the most prominent of the others are: "Devant la Grande Mer," portraying first the ocean and a beach, then a group of little girls looking over the same, and then two women in the same attitude; "Quand Ils ne sont pas en Mer," giving some scenes from the lives of two Dutch fishermen at home; "Gens de Mer," a ship under way in the centre, children playing with toy boats to the left, and women waiting on the shore to the right; "Les Fumées," a study in smoke, the left panel showing a half naked man wheeling a barrow of coal to a glowing furnace, the centre showing the smoke rising from a city, and the right a woman naked to the waist standing over a brazier, the coloring of all misty and poetic; finally, a most curious tableau entitled "Le Voyage," with a picture of a train rushing through the night, a room with open trunks and wearing apparel scattered about, and a scene in a park, where, presumably, the travellers will rest their weary bodies and get the train smoke out of their lungs.

In every Salon there is, of course, at least one picture which is intended to impress the imagination by its appeal to the dramatic. The American invaders, whose advance guard has already arrived, will surely speak of the enormous canvas painted by L. Beroud and called "La Ruée." It is unquestionably the most fantastic picture in the exhibition and has been so vociferously condemned by the critics as to insure attention for it, even if its enormous size and the fact that it has a most commanding position in the most important Salon did not accomplish that result.

Fortune, in the shape of a rather giddy female person seated high upon a pedestal in a strong yellow light, is the subject of attack from a large number of human beings, male and female, old and young. The extraordinary feature of the work is the desperation with which all these struggle to advance when there is no apparent obstacle to their progress.

A less striking sensation is the wild ride of Father Time, mounted nude upon a white horse with blood red nostrils, his scythe stained with blood. This is the work of Ulpiano Checa, a Spaniard. Another, which can hardly be called pretty, "Les fanatiques Persans à la Fête de l'Ashowra," shows a group of Persians covered with blood from self-inflicted wounds and surrounded by an admiring crowd. One of the fanatics is industriously sawing the top of his head with a sword.

As usual there is a large number of nudes, but the directors of the Salon have not permitted the frankness which has made most visitors to the Independents gasp at times. Nevertheless the female form is glorified in many aspects.

Judged by these portrayals French women have a fancy for lounging about in pearl necklaces and jewelled bracelets. The most daring of the lot, "Conchita," by Georges Berges, is an evident effort to rival Manet.

The lady has found the task of dressing too arduous and has thrown herself upon her couch, not stopping even to remove some handsome gowns and petticoats. Her coiffure is perfect, even to the large red flower over each temple; her strings of pearls and bracelets and rings are faultless; she wears one white silk stocking, a broad garter and one patent leather slipper with a red heel—that is all.

A purely French inspiration is shown by Edouard Richter in "Ménage d'Artiste." This is in two parts, the one showing a mischievous model flirting with the artist in his studio—"Avant la séance." In the other the artist is at home and playing with the baby lying on his wife's lap—"Fin de la journée."

Among the historical subjects the large canvas "Mort de Madame de Lamballe" takes a leading place. It is morbid enough with the bloodstained nude body of the court beauty lying in the street surrounded by the curious and bloodthirsty Revolutionists.

The list of Americans who have passed the jury is too long to quote, and many of them have secured prominent places for their canvases. Not a few have received an enthusiastic reception from the critics.

Robert MacCameron's "Groupe d'Amis," a study of the effects of absinthe, is one of the strong pictures of the Salon. It shows a group composed of an old dotard, a stolid, fat, brainless fellow of 40, and a young and not bad looking girl seated at a table in a café. The greenish milky drink shines through their glasses. Degeneration is rampant in the old man; it has made the girl begin to droop, it has benumbed the faculties of the other brute. It would not be a pleasant companion in one's home, this picture, but it is powerful without any effort to be melodramatic.

John Smith-Lewis has another success in "Bienvenue au Tonneau," a group of Brittany peasants surrounding the first tonneau from the vineyard, drinking a toast to the harvest. The critics are united in praise of this work.

Richard Miller has also won favor with "Portrait des Enfants Lascroux" and "Marchand de Jouets." The latter is a street scene in Paris, the old toy vender intent upon his work of making the mechanical toys operate upon the pavement, a few curious ones looking on and the crowd hurrying by. The portrait, that of two little girls at a table, has had even greater success.

Equal favor has been shown to the two paintings of Clara Josephine Kretzinger, "La Dame aux Oiseaux" and "L'Attente." Marie Sigshe Ker has a good place for her "Compensation." Ridgway Knight has a cheerful scene showing two women washing clothes in a brook, the whole bathed in brilliant sunshine.

Aston Knight gives a view of Niagara under the setting sun. Edward W. Redfield stands among the best of the landscapists with "Le Ruisseau," a winter scene with a brook flowing between snow covered banks, and the red tiled roofs of some cabins in the background. E. Blumenschiel has an amusing character study of an old actor. Howard Morton Hartshorne shows an interesting game of checkers between a young woman and a middle aged man in which the latter is done for, under the title "Difficile de Répondre."

A few of the other leading representatives of America are Frederic Melville Dumond, Henry Salem Hubbell, Miss Julia Dwight, Charles Warren Eaton, Oscar Miller, Ossip L. Linde, William MacKillop, Walter MacEwen, Edward MacDowell, Mrs. M. J. MacLane Johnson, Robert Vonnoh and Chauncey Ryder. The older men, F. A. Bridgman and Francis Davis Millet, are also well represented, the former by two Algerian scenes, the latter by "La Parisienne Gaieté."

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

MORE SCULPTURE IN THIS YEAR'S SUMMER DISPLAY.

Three Notable Portraits From Sargent—Place of Honor Given to a Disappointing Painting of a Royal Celebration—A Notable Work by Charles Sims.

LONDON, May 4.—The one hundred and fortieth summer exhibition opened to-day at Burlington House and was thronged by the usual crowd of people anxious to see the latest and best work produced by the artists of this country, for though some of our best portrait painters are American by birth and those who have this year been hallmarked, as it were, by having their sculpture added to the Chantry Bequest are Australian, yet their long residence here identifies them with England.

The hanging of the pictures and the arrangement of the sculpture, especially the latter, are an improvement on former years; the general average is higher, and there is no really bad pictures to be found on the line. However, there is still room for improvement, for the pictures are hung side by side as closely as ever—they are fitted in like the pieces of a puzzle—and it naturally follows that in many instances a picture that is right in size for a certain space is distinctly harmful to its neighbors.

Moreover, apart from Mr. Sargent's three magnificent portraits, the pictures in Gallery III., which is the largest and best of all the galleries, are comparatively insignificant; while some of the most important—of which Charles Sims's pictures must be reckoned the foremost—are relegated to places in the smaller rooms.

The picture that occupies the centre of the left wall in Gallery III., always considered the place of honor, can only justify its position by being exhibited by command of the King. It represents the investiture of the King of Norway with the insignia of the Order of the Garter by the sovereign in the throne room at Windsor Castle. It is necessarily difficult to make such pictures of court functions literally correct and at the same time pictorially interesting, but that it is possible to do so one may recall E. A. Abbey's splendid representation of the coronation of King Edward. In that picture, splendid alike in composition, in color and in exactitude of detail, Mr. Abbey has set up a standard by which one judges all works of the same sort that follow it. One always looks forward to Mr. Abbey's work, and it is to be regretted that he is absent from this year's academy.

A FOUL IN THE GIANT'S RACE.
C. L. HARTWELL.

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.
JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

H.R.H. PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.
J. J. SHANNON, A.R.A.

The lack of a big composition by that artist and the absence of a big portrait group by Mr. Sargent, who is only showing single figures, leave the sculpture as the most important section. Sculpture in England has progressed by leaps and bounds in the last few years, and although more attention has been paid to the arrangement of it, the council of the academy is too conservative to make any radical alterations in the disposition of the rooms, and as heretofore sculptors have to be content with the small lecture room and the central hall for the accommodation of their work. Now the lecture hall is not particularly well lighted, and as the central hall consists principally of four large openings—it being the focus from which all the rooms radiate—it follows that the sculpture is only seen at a tremendous disadvantage.

In the middle of the lecture hall, and it is by no means a large room, there are two monuments—"The Late Duke of Argyll," by Mr. George Frampton, and "The Late Marquess of Salisbury," by Mr. Goscombe John, both life size recumbent effigies; four life size statues, one of which is Mr. Mackennal's beautiful marble statue of Diana, which has been bought by the Chantry Bequest; one large group in bronze representing "The Death of Dirce," by Sir C. Lawes-Wittewronge; about fifty busts and statuettes ranged around the wall on a shelf as close as they will stand, and higher up on the wall are decorative panels. Three of these panels are by Mr. Alfred Drury and form part of the decoration which is to be erected over the entrance of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington.

In Gallery IX. have been placed a little bronze group called "Love's Tangle," by Mr. Charles Allen, and also a very dainty silver centrepiece for a dining table by Mr. Mackennal; but this does little to relieve the pressure. The other pieces of sculpture bought by the Chantry Bequest are the "Ariadne" by Mr. Harold Parker and a delightful little bronze group called "A Foul in the Giants' Race," by Mr. Charles Hartwell. The giants are two elephants who have run up against each other and their trunks have got tied in a perfect knot, and it would seem as though their riders were likely to come to blows, for the man on the elephant who is a step in front is about to stick his spear into the other elephant, whose rider is raising his arm as if trying to ward off the blow.

Of the forty academicians only one-tenth are sculptors, while among the associates, younger men who have not yet reached full honors, the proportion of those who express themselves in the plastic art form one-sixth—a fact that is sufficiently eloquent of the growth of the latter art.

After looking at the sculpture the first picture that catches the eye through the vista formed by the central hall is the huge canvas—or rather part of it—by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, portraying a meeting of the Council of the Royal Academy. Seen from that distance the figures look amazingly real. As they are relieved against a background that is the same color as the wall on which the picture hangs and, as one only sees a bit at a time, the illusion is perfect. They look no more like paint than the people who are standing in front. It is only when one enters the room in which the picture is placed and gets close to it that one sees its obvious defects. For one thing it entirely lacks composition, it is simply a row of men sitting one beside the other. The greatest amount of light is thrown on the central figure of the president, Sir Edward Poynter, who has a small table in front of him (the council is in the act of selecting the works for the summer exhibition, though only the council itself is shown in the picture) and in one hand holds the letter "D," which signifies that a work is doubtful, and in the other hand the "X," which is a sign to the carpenters that a work is rejected.

The canvas is much too large for the subject, and to make the heads strong enough to tell in a picture that is 27 feet in length the modelling and technique is coarse, which has a tendency to coarsen the features of the sitters. The same tendency may be noticed in Sir Hubert's portrait of the Bishop of London, otherwise admirable, and his portrait of Father Vaughan.

Of Mr. Sargent's five portraits what can one say that has not been said before of his other work? Undoubtedly the portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are the most interesting, partly on account of the sitters and also because Mr. Sargent has chosen black as the prevailing color and treated it in his usual masterly way. Mr. J. J. Shannon, whom one naturally places next, shows quite the best thing he has done for a long time in the portrait of Princess Patricia of Connaught. Mr. Shannon seems to have exhausted his energies on this picture, for his other work falls far below his usual level; indeed, there is a portrait group of a lady and her three children that one would hardly credit was the work of his brush. In the portrait of the Marchioness of Salisbury and her son the piece of carving and the crimson curtain in the background are so insistent that they seem to push the sitters out of the frame.

In his picture called "The Infant Bacchus" Mr. Shannon has tried to get out of the groove of fashionable portrait painting. He has chosen a classic subject, but his figures are hardly as classic as his theme; the nymphs have small waists and the flesh tones are too white—Bacchus, especially, would be browner if he had spent all his life in the open air. Parts of the flesh are magnificently painted, both the head and torso of the recumbent nymph on whose thigh the infant Bacchus sits astride, and the nymph who is kneeling with her hands upraised to take the bunch of grapes which he is detaching from the foliage overhead. But the fine painting is not sustained, neither the drapery nor the foliage being studied with sufficient care, and there is a lack of spontaneity throughout. In spite of its faults the picture has great charm both of color and composition, and will doubtless find a great many admirers, but it is essentially a studio picture.

All the qualities that are missing in "The Infant Bacchus" are to be found—and found in abundance—in Mr. Charles Sims's work. He does not seek to label his pictures with classic titles, no excuse is needed for peopling his "Fountain" with nymphs; he puts his "Little Faun" on the table of a modern *al fresco* meal as naturally as though it were an everyday occurrence. The spirit of nature runs through all he does, nature in her best and brightest mood. "The Fountain," which has been bought by the Chantry Bequest, is a delicate scheme of pearly tints in which nude figures splash and play, while from the basin of the fountain are thrown up tall jets of water which fall again in prismatic spray. But it is the picture of "The Little Faun" that is undoubtedly the most attractive one of the year, and what speaks so very highly for it is the fact that it appeals to artists as well as to the general public. In describing this work one can but give a bald idea of its charm. One can almost feel the spring breeze ruffling the tablecloth on which the meal is spread. The breath of springtime is everywhere—in the two girlish figures in dainty white dresses seated at the table, in the figure of the boy who has climbed onto the table to pick some of the blossoms, in the little faun who has jumped up beside him, while the father and mother fauns are dimly seen among the distant trees, anxiously watching the daring action of their offspring.

After looking at "The Little Faun" all the other subject pictures fall rather flat. The Hon. John Collier's "Sentence of Death" needs the title to explain it. The meaning of it is that the pale young man clasping his hands is being told by the doctor that he has not long to live.

Mr. Clausen's picture called "The Boy and the Man" is hardly satisfactory. Here we see two laborers, the man only occupied in finishing his task of hoeing a certain piece of ground in a given time, while the boy has not yet passed the stage of wonderment at nature and her doings. To explain the boy's attitude Mr. Clausen adds to the title of his picture the following verse: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and heat and cold, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

Mr. Frank Brangwyn errs in quite the other direction. So little does the subject of his picture matter that it is of no consequence whether it has a title or not. This year it is called "The Return," and the costumes being Eastern one supposes that it is meant for the return of the spies from the land of Canaan. It is a beautiful scale of rich color of which the keynote is blue. The figures, the huge pots and clusters of fruit which they carry, the trees and the foliage and the flowers of the foreground all form an intricate pattern—intricate in detail and yet simple in the large masses, which are large both in feeling and in treatment. The coloring of the picture, though not especially brilliant, is so pure and so perfectly balanced that it has the effect of making all those round it look muddy.

Of the landscapes there are many that deserve notice. Mr. Hughes-Stanton has three beautiful ones, though none of them is quite equal to the one in the New Gallery which has been bought by the Chantry bequest. Mr. Alfred East has a justly merited reputation of many years standing. There are many others, Mr. David Murray, for instance, who often do work that is equally good, but the reason that Mr. East stands ahead of his contemporaries is that he is always seeking fresh inspirations. This year, besides pictures in his well known style, such as "A Wooded Corner of the Cotswolds" and "The Serenity of Morning," he has chosen a subject called "A New Neighborhood," where the dreariness of an unfinished house in a bleak corner of a new suburb is softened and beautified by a light sprinkling of snow.

There are many excellent pictures of the sea in its varying moods; there are many pictures that will find admirers, such as Mr. Mark Fisher's "Under the Olive Trees, Grasse"; Mr. Solomon's embodiment of the creation of Eve, Mr. John Bacon's large canvas showing some children having a riding lesson by the seashore, Mr. La Thangue's studies of Ligurian peasants in brilliant sunlight, Mr. George Henry's portraits of ladies in early Victorian costumes, Mr. Edward Scott's charming picture of a humble interior where a mother gives her babe a good night kiss. This is to speak of only a few.

Two pictures that come toward the end of the exhibition must not be overlooked. These are Mr. Da Costa's admirable portrait of Mrs. Evans Dick, in which the painting of the blue dress is especially good, the flowers in the background making a fine harmony of color, and Mr. Orpen's interior, showing Mr. Charles Wertheimer standing in his drawing room surrounded by some of his notable art treasures.

THE LEAD PIPE THIEF.

One Junk Shop Which Discourages the Small Boy Robber.

Petey the Boy Desperado, who prepares himself for his Indian slaughtering trip to the West by stealing all the lead pipe he can get hold of, won't find encouragement in one Harlem shop. This junk place has outside a very attractive scale of prices for all sorts of stuff, with lead pipe featured.

In the window is a large sign which reads: "We do not buy from minors."

The man who runs the place says he used to get into all sorts of trouble by buying stuff from small boys who had stripped houses temporarily empty in the summer, and he believed it would be well to discourage the small crooks.

Norway's Versatile Queen.

From Tit-Bits.

Queen Maud of Norway has innumerable hobbies and recreations, many of them being of a very useful and practical nature. She devotes many hours to sewing, wood carving and bookbinding, and in regard to the latter work has turned out some really beautiful specimens of the craft.

Like Queen Alexandra, her mother, Queen Maud is very skilful with the camera, while such is her skill in outdoor sports that she is her husband's constant companion when his Majesty indulges in skating, skiing, motoring and cycling excursions. At billiards Queen Maud can easily beat King Haakon, while King Edward, himself a very skilful whist player, has confessed that he could not teach his daughter much in regard to the game.

LANDSCAPES AND PORTRAITS.

Pictures Talked About at the New Gallery—Summer Exhibition in London.

LONDON, May 15.—The twenty-first summer exhibition is now open at the New Gallery and among the 318 works exhibited—pictures and sculpture—there are a great many that fall below the high average the New Gallery at one time attained; for when Watts, Burne-Jones and Whistler were all showing their work the exhibition commanded considerable attention and was considered a somewhat serious rival to the Royal Academy. Now all these men are dead and the directors attempt to fill their places with the work of their own personal friends instead of that of all the rising men of the younger generation.

Of these there are plenty, and very clever ones too, but they are constantly starting new societies and associations, possibly because they prefer to hang their pictures in the company of those whose work is in sympathy with their own. Of course the directors have a right to hang what work they choose—one of them elects to hang six of his own paintings, which is more, by the way, than there are of any one else's; but it must be confessed that their choice in many instances does not tend to raise the level of the whole exhibition, and the worst of it is that the good pictures, and there are some really fine ones, suffer by the proximity of indifferent work.

The Society of Miniaturists contributes about 100 works, which are grouped in a corner of the central hall, and on the balcony are displayed some fifty cases of handicrafts and applied arts, consisting of jewelry, bookbinding, pottery, embroidery and designs for stained glass, &c., but these add little to the interest of the show. Indeed it may be considered a sign of weakness to imitate the smaller galleries in devoting so much space to what can only be considered as a lesser branch of the fine arts.

In the big room the first picture to arrest attention is the splendid landscape by Mr. Hughes-Stanton, whose work has already received recognition abroad, one of his pictures having lately been added to the Luxembourg. The latest example from his brush is called "A Pasturage Among the Dunes, Pas de Calais."

It is the same kind of subject, painted in the same neighborhood, but it shows a great advance on the Luxembourg picture. It is filled with light, the sunlight of late afternoon, which shines almost straight out of the picture and radiates beyond the frame, filling the space all around it.

The sunshine illuminates the rolling hills in the distance and strikes across the broken foreground, where a girl is seated watching her flock, and the dark belt of trees lying in the hollow which cuts across the centre of the landscape only serves to heighten the brilliant effect of light. One turns again and again to this picture with a feeling of great satisfaction.

Alfred East in his landscape "In the Heart of the Cotswolds" has essayed the same effect of sunlight without the same success. Latterly he has been treating his subjects in a more decorative manner, and in this return to a former style he has gained neither in strength of composition nor in realism of light and shade.

J. L. Pickering, who has never had the recognition he deserves, sends a charming landscape, entitled "Among the Olives," and Melton Fisher sends "Moonlight Falling on a Monastery," an excellent study. Moffat Lindner's work was more interesting before he was influenced by other men. He has to a great extent lost his distinctive touch, and "The Golden Moon" owes its technique largely to Monsieur Le Sidaner.

It seems inevitable that a strong personality should influence other artists. There are still echoes of Burne-Jones in several of the pictures shown, as, for instance, Mrs. de Morgan's "The Hour Glass," and Mr. Strudwick's "When Sorrow Comes," to mention only two. The same types and kindred themes have been chosen and the same coloring essayed, but the spirit of the master is missing.

The subject pictures are the weakest part of the exhibition, for though Frank Brangwyn sends a composition, it is by no means important. At his best Mr. Brangwyn depicts the East with his brush as vividly as Mr. Kipling does with his pen. "The Rajah's Birthday" is full of glowing color, and the composition is happy, if somewhat forced, but there is some confusion in the massing of the figures, and it takes a little time to distinguish the white elephant from the white building beyond.

Mr. Hornel is an artist whose work is very interesting; he always keeps to the same decorative style of composition and a scheme of coloring suggestive of mother of pearl. This year he has gone further afield for his subject, and in "The Tomtom Players" he shows five little Cingalese maidens seated around the instrument, which they are striking with their hands, the gorgeous flowers by which they are surrounded being apparently their only audience.

Lee Hankey's subjects are more suited to the small watercolors that he usually affects. The life size figure of the peasant girl leaning on a wheelbarrow in the middle of an orchard is hardly of sufficient interest to fill a large canvas.

Baron Arild Rosencrantz gives a grim figure as emblematic of "War," but apart from the skulls bound onto the death trumpet there is nothing in the picture to justify its title. To give it full significance and to make it really forceful there ought to be either raging armies or else devastated villages and heaps of slain where there is now merely an empty plain.

The *bonne bouche* of the exhibition is undoubtedly Mr. Sargent's enchanting portrait of Miss Isme Vickers. The pose is so charming and the face so full of vivacity that it seems ungracious to quarrel with the way in which the arms and hands are left unfinished, for another sitting or two would surely be sufficient to remove what is now a distinct blemish. The other portrait by Mr. Sargent is a well handled scheme of blue, the sitter being Miss Lewis, daughter of the well known lawyer.

Two other admirable portraits are those by Sir George Reid, one of the Earl of Halsbury and one of the American Ambassador, Whitelaw Reid. They are both extremely simple and direct in treatment both as regards color and pose, and this very simplicity adds to their force. Mr. Reid is sitting at ease beside a table, and Lord Halsbury is standing with bent head as though listening to the argument of an opponent, while the look in his eyes suggests that he is quite ready with his answer.

Mr. Lavery's full length portrait of Mrs. McEwen with her two little daughters, one on each side of her, is prettily grouped, but the gray of the color scheme, emphasized by the blue of the lady's hat, is rather too cold to be quite pleasing, and the modelling of the faces is not altogether satisfactory. Almost the same thing may be said of George Henry's portrait of the Marchioness of Tullibardine.

J. J. Shannon has always a tendency to make the flesh tones of his sitters too yellow, but he has avoided this fault in both his pictures, the portrait of Mrs. Buckley and the one of Mrs. Miller Graham and her daughter. In the latter he follows the traditions of the eighteenth century portraitists by introducing a marble column and foliage and sky into the background, a tradition that does not demand the true relation of a *plein-air* setting for a studio lit figure.

Mr. von Glehn shows his evident admiration for Mr. Sargent's work in his portrait of Lady Constance Stewart. The view he has taken of his sitter emphasizes the width of her shoulders and the extreme slightness of her hips, which effect is also heightened by the emerald green dress that fits like a skin and is low cut and held by a string over the shoulders. The picture would have gained considerably if the green of the dress were supported by some harmonizing color or by a repetition of the same note in another key instead of being silhouetted against a background that is nearly black.

Of the sculpture there are two life size groups that are worthy of notice. "The Quarryman," by Fleming Baxter, is soundly modelled and the figure is well balanced, though the strenuous action seems rather out of proportion to the size of the block of stone that is being lifted. The group called "Adrift," by John Cassidy, is a more ambitious attempt and shows a man eagerly looking for some sign of rescue for himself and his family, which is clustered despairingly about his feet.

The large piece of tapestry that is hung prominently in the centre hall is woven by by Messrs. Morris from the last cartoon designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It is called "The Passing of Venus," and the quaint verse that describes it is taken from the "Roman de la Rose."

SUE FOR GARIBALDI'S BOOTY.

Survivors of His Legion Want King Ferdinand's Treasure.

ROME, May 3.—A lawsuit has just been instituted against the Ministry of the Royal Household, the State Treasury and the Ministry of Public Instruction by some of the survivors of Garibaldi's famous legion of "I Mille," The Thousand, who are popularly known as Garibaldini, for the restitution of the personal effects and valuables left by King Ferdinand II. in 1860 when he fled from his palace in Naples and the city was occupied by Garibaldi and his band. The claim is based on the fact that all that remained in the palace in the way of silver, jewels, furniture, &c., should have been considered as booty, which ought to have been divided among Garibaldi's followers.

The case has been initiated by Signor Curzio Cornacci, Garibaldi's commissary, who is determined that not only himself but all the survivors of The Thousand shall reap some reward for driving the Bourbons out of the two Sicilies.

When Ferdinand II. and Maria Sofia fled from the palace they left in the residence of Capodimonte a great deal of rich furniture, ancient ware and many works of art, which according to the Garibaldini should have been handed over to them. In this case the rules of war were turned about and the booty went to the royal household in spite of the fact that Victor Emmanuel II. took no part whatever in this campaign of liberation. The booty was divided into three portions, the works of art passed to the Ministry of Public Instruction, the money and jewels went to the public treasury, while the furniture and palaces were taken over by the King, who entered Naples on November 2, 1860, when Garibaldi went to Caprera and his army was disbanded.

The Garibaldini's idea in bringing this suit is that the Government, which has benefited for nearly fifty years, should be compelled to compensate them for that which they consider their just dues. Whatever the outcome, the case is sure to prove most interesting. The general opinion in Italy is that Garibaldi and his legion were sadly neglected by those who should have been most grateful to them.

Of course there are two sides to every question, and the Crown Advocates tell their story in almost as convincing a way as the Garibaldini. Far from being perturbed by the case they seem rather bored than otherwise, as they say that the war in the south was fought for the union of Italy and on behalf of Victor Emmanuel, and that Garibaldi in occupying Naples and assuming the dictatorship had acted in the name of the King. Garibaldi himself understood perfectly that he was not on a mission for personal gain, and nothing shows this so completely as the various edicts he issued, especially that of September 12, 1860, in which he ordered that all the objects of value as well as the palaces belonging to the House of Bourbon should be considered thereafter as national property.

As if to impress on his followers his determination to turn over to his sovereign everything just as he had found it he issued still another edict two weeks later, which was subsequently signed as well by Crispi and Sciolaja, the Minister of Finance, in which he renounced any claim of booty. Still, although the Government seems to have right on its side, an attempt has been made to satisfy in a way the claims of the Garibaldini. The so-called law of I Mille was passed last year, and a million francs, $200,000, was distributed not only among the survivors of the legion but among the volunteers as well. The recipients, however, were so numerous that the sum allotted by Parliament was hardly sufficient, and it is calculated that the reward given to each man amounted to only about fifty francs.

It is hardly likely that the case can end any way but in favor of the Government and the House of Savoy, as they can quote the law of August 10, 1862, which was confirmed three years later and by which the crown of the Bourbons, and consequently all that pertained to their kingdom, was conceded to Victor Emmanuel. This establishes without a doubt that not only the palaces but everything they contained, furniture, jewels and works of art, belonged not to the dictator Garibaldi or his faithful followers but to the King of the future united kingdom.

But if Gen. Garibaldi was disinterested and fought only for glory's sake, his son Ricciotti Garibaldi differs entirely from him, as he has sided with Signor Cornacci in his suit against the royal household and the Government.

BATTERY'S MEMORIAL STONE.

Inscription Nearly Obliterated—Marks a Bastion of Old Fort George.

The old New Yorker will tell you that the new Custom House stands on the site of Fort Amsterdam, which was erected in 1626, and that Fort George was constructed there later and existed until 1790. And the New York Society of Founders and Patriots has asked the Treasury Department for permission to place a tablet upon the wall of the new Custom House setting forth the fact.

But how many New Yorkers, old or young, know about a stone almost level with the sidewalk, and worn by the elements until it is almost smooth, which commemorates a part of the wall of Fort George and imbedded in the grass of Battery Park west of the new Custom House? The inscription on this stone is hastening to decay. A close inspection reveals this:

TO PERPETUATE
THE SITE OF THE S. W. BASTION OF
FORT GEORGE
IN 40° 42' 5" N. LATITUDE
AS OBSERVED BY
CAPT. JOHN MONTANYE &
DAVID RITTENHOUSE
IN OCTOBER, 1789
THE CORPORATION OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK
HAVE ERECTED
THIS MONUMENT
A. D. MDCCCXVIII.

The stone is set a few feet south of the subway kiosk on the corner. Some of the trolley cars that pass this point are marked Fort George, but the fort referred to on these signs is several miles distant from the site of the original Fort George.